Volume LXXIV CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1914 Number 3

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A Benediction

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In the joy of realized love; in the strength of a great opportunity; in the expectations aroused by high aspiration and profound inspiration; we, Thy children, Father, would go forth to so live that the light of Thy love may shine in our faces, the power of Thy truth may be exemplified in our hands, and that in finite time we may sound some notes of the eternal gospel that brings peace and power and love into the world, now and forevermore. Amen.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1914. NUMBER 3

STAIN NOT THE SKY

Ye gods of battle, lords of fear,
  Who work your iron will as well
As once ye did with sword and spear,
  With rifled gun and rending shell,—
Masters of sea and land, forbear
The fierce invasion of the inviolate air!

With patient daring man hath wrought
  A hundred years for power to fly,
And shall we make his wingéd thought
  A hovering horror in the sky,
Where flocks of human eagles sail,
Dropping their bolts of death on hill and dale?

Ah no, the sunset is too pure,
  The dawn too fair, the noon too bright,
For wings of terror to obscure
  Their beauty, and betray the night
That keeps for man, above his wars,
The tranquil vision of untroubled stars.

Pass on, pass on, ye lords of fear!
  Your footsteps in the sea are red,
And black on earth your paths appear
  With ruined homes and heaps of dead.
Pass on, and end your transient reign,
And leave the blue of heaven without a stain.

The wrong ye wrought will fall to dust,
  The right ye shielded will abide;
The world at last will learn to trust
  In law to guard, and love to guide;
The Peace of God that answers prayer
Will fall like dew from the inviolate air.

The Hague, Netherlands. —*Henry Van Dyke.*

"W. F. B.," 31 Loan and Trust Building, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, under the title of "What Hast *Thou* to do with Peace," has printed in a plain but attractive leaflet President Wilson's message to his countrymen of August 18th ult. He calls it "A loving call to the colors addressed to his companions in arms in the Army of Peace." This modest man of Milwaukee has reprinted this message in this available form for distribution in unlimited numbers which he offers for the nominal cost of the paper at the rate of thirty-two cents per hundred copies. This call of our President from the high vantage ground of a peaceful and a serene soul is a document with gospel power and deserves wide circulation, and this modest Milwaukee brother deserves the gratitude and co-operation of our peace-loving people.

The readers of UNITY are not unacquainted with the name of Isaac Fisher, once the Principal of the Arkansas Colored Industrial School and now the editor of the *Negro Farmer* at Tuskegee, Alabama. He is the man who spoke so effectively at the Theodore Parker Centennial celebration held in Chicago. We are delighted to learn that this man of color, fettered by so many social handicaps, has out of nine thousand contestants won the first prize of $500 offered by *Everybody's Magazine* for the best paper on the subject, "What We Have Learned About Rum, or Rum and Remedies." The paper will appear entire in the September number of that magazine. We commend this incident in the life of Mr. Fisher to the notice of those who still persist in spelling "negro" with two "g's." UNITY extends heartiest congratulations to this brave young man and rising scholar.

In the death of Robert Francis Harper the cause of scholarship as well as the University of Chicago has lost a prominent representative. A brother of the late lamented president of the University, he was devoted like his brother to oriental studies, and his life came to an untimely end when but fifty years of age while pursuing his researches in Assyrian and Babylonian lore at the British Museum. His name will be added to the short but growing list of Americans who have devoted themselves to learned researches and study of first hand material. His edition of the Code of Hammurabi is an encyclopedic work on the subject, fascinating to the general reader and satisfying to the scholar. Those who follow his scholarly footsteps will be led unwittingly on to the higher table-lands of thought and faith that rejoice in religion more than in religions, and that see all religions as the varying progressive gropings towards the faith in a benignant potency in the universe and the unbroken and unbreakable bonds of brotherhood encircling the globe in space and spanning the millenniums in time.

There has come to our table a belated copy of "Hymns and Songs for Sunday School and Social Meetings," prepared by our Welsh neighbor, Rev. R. J. Jones of Aberdare, Wales. This neatly printed little book without music notes contains one hundred eighty-six hymns and songs in Welsh for use of Welsh children and young people. To those who cannot read Welsh it is interesting to know that out of these one hundred eighty-six hymns and songs many of them, if not the majority of them, are translations, at least sixteen of them are borrowed from the fertile fields of American hymnology. Here we find three from Samuel Longfellow, two from John W. Chadwick, three from Hosmer, two from Whittier and one each from Bryant, Gannett, E. H. Sears, H. W. Longfellow, Lucy Larcom, E. H. Leland and Oliver

Wendell Holmes. It is a pleasant thought to think of Hosmer's "The Rose is Queen Among the Flowers," Gannett's "Crowning Day," Mrs. Leland's "Oh, the Father's Hands Are Helping," and the other favorites in our American school being sung by the little boys and girls in the little stone chapels on the beautiful hillsides and in the remote valleys of Wales, in the flexible Welsh tongue. How inadequate and insignificant are the lines that separate these children on the political maps of the world. Even the deeper lines of language and race inheritance disappear or grow insignificant in the presence of the universalities of song and the binding ties of faith, hope and charity.

Pending a more exhaustive review we hasten to call attention to a welcome new book from the hands of Rev. Mr. Crapsey of Rochester, New York. There is but one Crapsey with the vigorous, independent mind that reasons itself out of the technicalities and, to the Twentieth Century mind, absurdities of the Episcopal "articles of faith," but whose large heart and reverent spirit still keep him undisturbed in his birthright home of devoutness and service which are the more profound characteristics of the Episcopal Church. The same working of head and heart has carried him far afield from the conventionalities in Economics and Civics. This man who is himself no working man confesses that he has written this book, "The Rise of the Working-Class," from the standpoint of the working class itself. It is an effort to give that point of view to the reader of the upper and middle class. It is a thoughtful book and consequently a thought-provoking book. The table of contents is commanding. Who, knowing Dr. Crapsey's vigorous style, could omit the reading of chapters bearing such titles as: "The Triumph of the Father," "The Responsibilities of the Mother," "The Emancipation of the Children," "Out-Family Woman," "The Revolt of the Workers," "The Slaves of the Market," "Working Class Religion, Morals, Politics, Philosophy," "The Coming Age," etc., etc. The opening chapter is not only a clear but a startling and stimulating piece of thinking on social evolution and revolution. He tells us that evolution means "change in structure;" revolution means "change in environment." He tells us that the invention of labor-saving machinery has destroyed the family as an economic unit, that the religion of the working class is the growing religion of the future, that the significant fact of present day history is the rise of the working classes from the conditions of degradation under which it has throughout the civilized world been compelled to live to the social, religious and political life of the world. Many of the "Conclusions" in this are to our mind unproven and some of the theories seem to us crass and untenable, but it is a thought-provoking book by an honest and incisive mind. The workmanship of the book is such as becomes the Century Company Press and is obtainable by mail for $1.40. This suggestive book would make an admirable textbook for a class in Civics this winter. There are thirteen chapters, just about enough to make a good winter's work for a fortnightly gathering. If members of such classes would only read the chapters before coming to class the profit and pleasure of such a winter's work would be assured. Send for it.

It is touching and encouraging to see how the religious denominations under varying flags try to ameliorate the bitter circumstances of war, to refine the hatreds and sustain the faith. We have already alluded to the declaration of the Friends in England. There now lies before us a message printed for free distribution from the Unitarians of England signed by the President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, President of the National Triennial Conference, and the President of the Sunday School Association. It is entitled "The European Crisis," a message to *our* people. (The italics are ours.) It is a message as might be expected instinct with sweet reasonableness and a groping towards the universal brotherhood. Albeit at this distance we can detect a halting note and an unwitting racial blindness and national partiality. These brethren did not mean to beg the question when they spoke of a "not altogether unrighteous anger against those who have dragged the nations into this fearful calamity, and in bitter feelings to those who now are our enemies." Have our British neighbors been so innocent in their age-long belligerency, in their lust of empire and boast of naval efficiency? Are the millions of honest working men, simple peasants and sweating mechanics, against whom England is now hurling similar millions, their "enemies" in any sense but the wicked sense of national pride and prejudice? These brethren seem to recover themselves from the drift of the sentence just quoted as they remind the reader that "millions of men who have no grudge against one another are being driven to mutual carnage by small groups of statesmen" (sic). There is profundity in the paragraph that speaks of "the signs of degeneracy which have made many of us anxious during recent years," and that perhaps some great shock may have been needed to teach us that "life is more than ease and pleasure and consists not in the abundance of the things we possess." Again these men rise above the hurting sense of country, the blinding bias of patriotism, always a passion to be distrusted and in times of war a passion to be dreaded, when they hope that out of these evil days there will come the "advent of a true Kingdom of Humanity, when the nations will

recognize that all are children of God and those who are appointed to rule will feel the solemnity of their high calling as servants of the Prince of Peace." We join with our Unitarian brethren in England in a faith and hope that

> When Europe has been deluged with blood, some sort of settlement must come and the voice of reason and justice be listened to if only owing to the exhaustion of the evil passion.

When that time comes "may there be a more powerful and united expression of the sense of brotherhood" that the masses of the people "may never again be the helpless slaves of violence and greed." Confusion again waits upon a clause of the closing sentence when it says: "No words are needed to urge each and all to do what in them lies to serve their country in the present crisis." "Serve their country!" Ah, there is the rub. That is what draws brothers in study, brothers in poverty, brothers in aspirations, brothers in hope, brothers in faith, to fly at each others' throats, to tear each other to pieces with bayonet and shell, to drop upon the innocent heads of each others' children a hellish rain of bombs from aerial ships, the latest expression of the brute. How is the "country to be served" in this crisis and by whom? By those who don the uniform, cheer the marching columns, cheerfully endure the ignominy of war, or those who for the higher honor of their country deny the flag though it be the dearest when it floats o'er the minions of destruction? The Unitarians of England should, above all, see in these days a higher banner than the English Jack and a nobler cause than that which can be expressed in battleships, and a humble recognition of a blame-worthiness that o'ershadows all militant hearts and belligerent powers.

The Superstition Concerning "Our Nation"

Kipling has at last spoken and sung of the glory of England in his way. German philosophers have justified violence and bloodshed in order that the German nation might "work out its destiny." This superstition of "the nation" is probably the last superstition lurking in the minds of the competent. The race superstition has more profound grounds of justification than the national superstition, for race characteristics seem to be permanent, vital and decisive, although later science is proving beyond a question that races are fluid, changing and interchanging. They exchange commodities of mind and characteristics of body. *There are no fixed race characteristics.* Even the most fundamental division of humanity into white, yellow and black races refuses to be confined; they defy the dykes that would divide and the fences that would separate.

How much more difficult it is to make permanent either the spiritual or physical characteristics of a "nation." The England that Kipling glorifies, that even religionists would save by the priceless flow of blood, is a chimera, a will-o'-the-wisp when drawn into the philosopher's crucible. England has produced great minds, profound philosophers and inspiring poets, but all these greatnesses promptly lift them out of English barriers into their human relations. From Shakespeare and Milton down to Tennyson and Browning; from Sir Thomas More to Charles Darwin and all the loving and loyal followers of the same were de-Englished in proportion as they were humanized. The same is true of Germany. Goethe, Lessing, Schiller and the great masters of thought and the recent leaders in science are de-Germanized when they become citizens in the Republic of Man. How petty and insolent is the picture of ignorant Russian peasants led by cocky upstarts bearing epaulets and swords reported as besieging Königsberg, bombarding the tomb of Emmanuel Kant, the greatest of Germans.

Those parts of a nation represented by crowns and cannons, titles and swords are negligible quantities. They can be crushed, whipped, humiliated, exiled as Napoleon was to St. Helena, but that does not prevent the French from producing a Victor Hugo and a Pasteur; the English a Robert Browning, a Herbert Spencer and a John Ruskin, and the Germans a Wagner. What "nation" can claim the Baroness von Suttner, Nobel or Edison?

England has produced a line of great men, noble citizens in the Republic of Man, but never a noble king or queen measured by the highest standards. The crowned heads of Germany are the forgetable Germans. It is sad to think of the poor fools, the innocent peasants, yielding to the fatal hypnotism called patriotism, rushing to their death for the glory of the flag, the supremacy of a king. It is infinitely sadder when poets, philosophers, moralists and scientists grow blind to the superficiality of national destruction and lose the broad inspirations that bear them towards the peace of the world, the triumph of humanity.

Prof. Ferdinand Schevill, Professor of History at the University of Chicago, has published through the Germanistic Society of Chicago, 332 South Michigan Avenue, a thought-provoking and mind-clearing pamphlet of sixteen pages entitled "Germany and the Peace of Europe," in which with great clearness he traces the forces that have led to this awful brutal spectacle of the Twentieth Century; Europe being hacked to pieces by its own children. Every one of these "forces" that he traces promptly runs into "fallacies." The conclusion of the whole matter is worthy a place not only in the editorial columns of UNITY, but in the columns of every religious paper throughout the world.

The next superstition to die is the conceit of the

nations as social or spiritual entities with *permanent* characteristics of their own; and the attendant superstition that any "nation" is worth preserving by the destruction of other "nations," or that any nation has a right to rule any other nation or part of a nation except by the consent of the governed. Whether Alsace-Lorraine is to belong to Germany or France is a question that should be decided only by the citizens of Alsace-Lorraine.

Here are the words of the Chicago professor:

To talk of peace while the cannons fill the earth with their roar may look almost like a savage hoax, but peace, a durable peace, should even now be hopefully looked forward to as the only reasonable end of all these calamities. I have no desire to speculate as to what the war may bring, what territorial changes may be effected, and what awful price will be exacted of the vanquished. I would merely like to point out that, above all speculation, one thing is certain: Governments may pass, dynasties may vanish, but the peoples of Europe will remain substantially as they are within their historic boundaries. But these battered and impoverished peoples will be preserved for no other purpose than for new wars and new disasters if they do not fit themselves out with a new *mind*. And that means that the individual—for everything depends in the last analysis on him—must learn the lesson of peace and love for which in Europe, much more than in America, he is as yet not greatly receptive. If the European man does not acquire a new set of dominant ideas, the present war, irrespective of who wins or loses, can only add another mass of terrible rancors to those already existing. Rancor piled on rancor—that way madness lies. Europe has followed a wrong track and must imperatively call a halt. To do that is not an easy matter, for a change of direction requires a difficult self-conquest followed by a steady inner renewal of every nation and its individual members. Such moral triumphs may not lie within the reach of those poor, distracted populations, but without them it is certain that the old system will continue with no abatement even after the war is over, and that the present struggle will merely breed an endless succession of new ones. Brothers, let us pray for peace, but not for the peace imposed by the sword or by an irresistible combination of the strong. That is the military peace of which Europe has proved the danger and impermanence. Let us pray rather for the peace that is based on the deep conviction of every man and woman in the civilized world and grows and blossoms in the individual consciousness.

The "One New Subscriber Movement"

(Continued.)

From an old friend in California:

I have read and re-read your card from Tower Hill as I have the most of the editorials of UNITY for many years. I send you the enclosed postoffice order ($30.00) as a token of esteem and appreciation of your life work and, as a small recognition of what it has been to me all these years as well as sympathy and services rendered which money cannot pay for. . . . In regard to new subscribers I would gladly do so, but in our little suburban town the people have so many different viewpoints that it would be useless to try. The Presbyterian pastor in a canvass found forty-five beliefs where less than one hundred votes were cast in our primary election yesterday. . . . Isn't it a sad commentary on the "orthodox" belief this cruel war now raging in and among naitons calling themselves Christians. I don't need to ask you, for I have just been reading UNITY today.

From an old subscriber in Madison, Wisconsin:

I am obliged to drop UNITY for the present. In the years that have passed UNITY has filled a much needed place in helping me to solve the many perplexing and trying problems that have beset my way. That it could still serve me I rejoice to acknowledge. I hope that two new readers may take the place I am so loath to relinquish. (*Inasmuch as* UNITY *is published for readers and not for dollars, we cannot afford to lose an old friend like this.* UNITY *will continue to go until forbidden.*)

From a "down state" Illinois subscriber:

The other subscriber in our town and myself have agreed to send you each a new subscriber. I wonder how many subscribers of UNITY are left who have not contributed to the Endowment Fund. If there were two hundred fifty subscribers to UNITY left who would give five dollars apiece the Endowment Fund would be completed. It seems as though this might be done without great self-denial. At any rate it is a suggestion offered in the best spirit possible.

From an old friend in Boise City, Idaho:

I have never forgotten the Endowment Fund. I have rejoiced at its recent growth, have always hoped to contribute my thirty dollars for it; however, will pledge you five dollars to be paid in February of next year. Meanwhile I send you money for a new subscriber.

From an old subscriber in South Dakota:

Find P. O. order for one dollar for the following new subscriber to UNITY according to editorial of August 6.

From Fairhope, Alabama:

It is often a great source of regret to my mother and myself that we cannot prove our appreciation of UNITY and of the great benefit it has been to us during the past years that it has been coming to us without money and without price. Please find enclosed money for a new subscriber.

From a professor of the University of Chicago:

Not only do I think that it is the best paper of its class but it is one of the best papers of any class. From outside cover all through it is always worth reading.

From Oneida County, New York:

Enclosed find a dollar for a new subscriber according to your generous offer of August 6. This gentleman is really an old subscriber. It was through him that we became acquainted with your valuable paper. For several years he has had to live very economically and we have sent our UNITY to him, he in turn sending it on to another. Now if you will send direct to him, I can give mine to others and so extend the circulation. Words cannot express my appreciation of UNITY, its high purpose, its stand on the great questions of the day—War, Suffrage, Liquor, Schools, etc. I intend to send another new subscription as soon as I find the right one to send it to.

From Long Beach, California:

I read with interest all announcements of the Unity Endowment Fund. Find enclosed money order which I would like to have applied on some free subscription which you are now carrying, preferably to the following name unless she is now paying. She values UNITY highly and quotes it much.

From an old Indiana reader:

Dear Friend: You have been sending UNITY to me long enough for nothing and I am no nearer being able to pay for it now than ever. I asked you to quit sending it a long time since but you asked the privilege of continuing it. Now I am sending you a dollar just to help the good cause along. I thank you for all it has stood for in my past life. My thought is and always will be for the highest good to you and your cause. My husband and I are getting old in years and we must contribute something to the good of the community in which we live.

ONCE TOO OFTEN

Parson Black (sternly)—"Did you come by dat wateh-melyun honestly, Bruddeh Bingy?"

The Melon Toter—" 'Deed I did, pahson; ebry day fo' nigh on two weeks!"—*Puck*.

The Tower Hill Congress

Held at Baraboo, Wisconsin, August 28-30, 1914.

A commodious tent in a beautiful park upon a velvety slope with just the right pitch to make it an ideal auditorium of almost boundless extent,—greenery and flowers galore, electric lights everywhere, flags of all nations and in the place of honor the white-bordered banner of peace with the stars glimmering with tiny red, white and blue electric bulbs,—all these formed a fitting background for the large and happy crowd that came faithfully through the seven sessions to listen to the unique program offered to them by the Tower Hill Congress at its Baraboo, Wisconsin, meeting. Not only was that pretty little town well represented, but among the speakers and listeners were noticed friends who had come by rail, by auto, by carriage or afoot from the following known points: Milwaukee, Madison, Richland Centre, Lavalle, Reedsburg, Prairie du Sac, Sauk City, Spring Green, Tower Hill, Portage, New London, South Freedom, Ripon, Evansville, and Kilbourn,—all of Wisconsin, and Washington, D. C., Escanaba, Mich., St. Paul, Minn., Amherst, Mass., and Chicago, Illinois.

From the time the meeting was called to order by its chairman, Miss Lutie E. Stearns of Madison, until the last words of America died upon the air, two keynotes were continually struck, viz.: Leadership and Community Unity.

In her opening remarks Miss Stearns briefly reviewed the early history of the Congress, when two Hillside Valley women, Mrs. Grace Lloyd Jones and Mrs. Greenleaf, conceived the idea of bringing together a few people to confer upon the big problems of the day. She told how ten or twelve women met and have been meeting regularly every year since, usually at Tower Hill, until today the constituency of the Tower Hill Congress is a force for culture and high moral influence to be reckoned with in the State of Wisconsin.

Mr. E. A. Evans of Baraboo made a welcoming address in which he described the Tower Hill Congress as a congress of liberal religion and felt that Baraboo as well as many other Wisconsin towns not only needed, but were ready to receive the widening influence of such a convocation.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones responded to the welcome and among other things said:

> We are here to discover the things that represent the forward movement of life, the things we hold in common. We are here to realize the significance of the word "Congress." It is a good word. It means not a "parliament," a place of parley, a place where people go to talk, nor a "conference" where people confer together. "Come, let us reason together," is the challenge, but something better still. "Congress" carries the idea of a traveling, a going together somewhere. Progress is going forward, egress is going out, but in this congress we are going somewhere together. We have come to advance those things that we hold in common, in the interest of those things that touch our common life. If I understand the movement of this age it is a movement toward unity. We want to join the onward march of civilization toward the recognition of the common brotherhood of man.

"Going to School to One Another" was the topic of E. J. Ward, in charge of the department of the University of Wisconsin, which is assisting in developing the Social Centre idea, the object of which is to encourage the use of school houses, common council chambers and other public buildings as centers in the communities, where the people get together to develop community ideas, open channels for working together constructively for the benefit of the whole neighborhood. This whole scheme should be in charge of the principal of the school or some other paid expert, who shall act as did the town clerk in the old New England towns in planning and carrying out programs, securing speakers and entertainers and, in general, oiling and keeping in motion the whole machine.

It so happened that Mr. Ward was able to bring before his audience a man who has for several years most successfully proven the workability of the plan proposed, and the audience listened with great interest to Mr. E. A. Buckley as he told the simple story of his work in the little community of Sauk City, which has been rewarded by wonderful success, owing largely to the enthusiasm, the patience and the unfailing optimism of this one man.

The Annual Address of the Chairman, Miss Lutie E. Stearns, given the first thing Saturday morning, will be reported in full in a future issue of UNITY. Following that most delightful and pregnant document, Mrs. O. S. Colony of Evansville made "A Plea for the Wholesome Book and the Wholesome Song," and judging from the titles of some of the best sellers given by the speaker, such a plea is most timely.

"What Sauk County does in the Way of Reading for its Rural Communities" was shown in an interesting and enlightening paper by Miss Kate Potter, County and City Librarian, Baraboo. She told how the interest has grown in that county until now it contains 29 libraries dispensing 1,300 books with an annual circulation of over 5,000, most of the work radiating from the country school houses.

At least one of the high-water marks of the Congress was reached in the splendid effort of President Silas Evans of Ripon College under the title "The Waste and Wickedness of War." A few excerpts from this address follow:

> I speak this morning in the interest of an idea, an idea that is big enough to reconstruct the civilization of a planet—the idea of a vision of the world in bonds of peace. . . . A great idea with its accompanying sentiments and its consequent outcome is the most tremendous power and force in the universe. . . . . .
>
> There have been two masterful ideas struggling for supremacy in the world, one the idea of might, the other the idea of reason; one the idea of peace, the other the military idea. There is today in Europe a military obsession, a military dogmatism. . . . . .
>
> The peace idea is winning in reason and conscience and it has made tremendous achievements in the last decade. . . .
>
> There are certain tremendous forces at work today feeding the roots of the peace idea—certain forms of idealism. One is the idealism of industry. It is clearly shown in economics that there is absolutely no more advantage to the victorious nation than to the losing nation in warfare, and that it is a tremendous disadvantage to *all* nations, bringing certain financial disaster to everybody concerned.
>
> The interests of all nations are bound together; the German cannot say to the Frenchman: "I have no need of you." The Frenchman cannot say to the German: "I have no need of you." . . . Again, the home, the greatest institution in the world, is feeding the roots of the peace idea. Women are not going to rear sons as food for powder. Women are being emancipated all over the world. I have heard it said that woman should not vote because she cannot shoot. But the contribution of womanhood is to be not by bullets but by ballots; it is not because she can see straight enough to shoot, but because she can think straight enough to vote, and this is a great achievement toward peace.

Again, the school is feeding the roots of the peace idea. When we think of all these ideals that are feeding the very roots of the peace idea, we can rest assured that victory will certainly come to the peace idea, and utter defeat to the military idea.

The discussion following was led by Mr. Jones, who took the opportunity to pay a tribute of admiration and affection to the Baroness von Suttner, who during the past year succumbed to the heart-breaking premonition of the deadly wars soon to devastate her native land and its European neighbors. Mr. Jones had much to do with the bringing of the Baroness to America and in directing her most impressive itinerary. Her headquarters while in the West were largely at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. The Baroness was at the center of the sessions of the Tower Hill Congress held at Portage two years ago and gained the hearts of all who met her by the simple sincerity of her efforts in the interest of peace which were world-wide in their influence. Then, coming to the subject immediately under discussion, Mr. Jones appealed to the young mothers and fathers not to encourage the war spirit in the children by giving them tin soldiers, toy guns and drums at Christmas in the name of the Prince of Peace. He begged for a wider recognition of the white bordered flag, the emblem of international amity.

He declared that war never is and never can be the best way of settling disagreements. On this point he said:

I wore the uniform for three years. I followed the flag in the noblest war that ever was waged, and have come in my years of study and development to see clearly what even then I felt, that that was a wrong way of doing the right thing. If it could not have been done in any other way, it was worth doing that way; but it might have been done in another way. There were but two illuminated hearts in those early days of '61 that seemed to have a prevision of the awful wrongness of the step we were taking, Abraham Lincoln of the North and Alexander Stephens of the South. They had some prophetic vision of the curse we were bringing down upon ourselves. No less than eight times in one way and another did Abraham Lincoln try officially to compel at least the border states to consider the rationality and the economy and the justice of compensated emancipation. The expenses of the war for one week, even then, he said, would pay full market price for every slave—man, woman and child—held in all the border states. But too fiery and militant were we in our inheritance—North and South—to consider such a proposition. So I plead for the white bordered banner; a banner that at its center stands for the pride of nation, loyalty to country, but the white rim indicates its amity with the world and its recognition that our flag ceases to be noble except when it recognizes its independence with all the flags of the world. . . . Is it asking too much that our churches should display the white bordered banner, and that from all our public schools shall stream this lesson in internationalism?

Then we sang Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and went to dinner better prepared to appreciate the expositions of Leadership—community, state and national—that were brought to us in the afternoon session.

Before starting this ball rolling, however, Mr. David Bogue, District Attorney from Columbia County, under the title "Liquor and License," brought to the audience the results of several years of labor in studying the sociological results of the liquor traffic in his home county. The questions of dependency, lunacy, vice, disease and crime with their attendant financial responsibility were thrown into the limelight and the curse of liquor stood revealed as the largest factor in their existence. But Mr. Bogue sounded a note of encouragement. He said:

The citizens of Wisconsin are to blame for these things. But there's a new and better sentiment growing in the state. Public opinion is rapidly recognizing this curse as a curse. The liquor interests are fighting the fight of their lives. They recognize the power of the growing sentiment. The tide of public sentiment has changed until today in the common public hotels two-thirds of the traveling men are insistently using their words, their arguments and their influence to prohibit the liquor business.

Under the general head of "Leadership," first came Dr. Henry B. Favill, formerly of Wisconsin, now of Chicago, with the unique story of the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago, and its incalculable influence in cleaning up the big city's political atmosphere. This address may be looked for in a future issue of UNITY.

"State Leadership" was handled in a masterly fashion by the Hon. W. H. Hatton of New London, State Senator, now a candidate for the governorship on the progressive side of the Republican party, whose long experience as a trusted leader in the affairs of the State has given him deep insight into the qualifications of true leadership. He closed with these words:

There is a very rich vein of wisdom underlying the American people. If you can get their attention you can trust them to do what is right.

In the absence of Mr. W. W. Power of Madison, who was booked to express "A Man's Opinion of Votes for Women," Mr. Jones was called upon and said in part as follows:

I am willing that the women should vote if for no other reason than that they quit bothering me. They have been making a fuss about it so long that it is really getting on my nerves. Then, I want them to vote because, clearly and frankly, we men have made a mess of it. There are many things that ought to be done, and we men are simply not doing them and do not seem to know how to do them, and so I am glad to have the reserve line brought up.

Again, I want the women to vote because a part of the problems which press upon my heart as a citizen of Illinois and of the United States, are women's problems. The maternal arm of the government must be extended.

The military idea must be supplanted by the parental idea. . . . The problems of government are the problems of the home writ large.

These reasons and more are why I want Miss Stearns to vote, and they are why I am sure she is going to vote one of these days—she has to, we can't get along without her.

The duty of indicating the Woman's Point of View on the same question fell to Miss Zona Gale of Portage. Looking at it, not from the man's or the woman's point of view, but the human point of view, Miss Gale can see no reasons against the proposition—and many in its favor. Plenty of reasons were put forward fifty years ago when a woman first decided to be a doctor, or to enter college, but we have presumably outgrown that period. Miss Gale urged her hearers to secure from Miss Ada James of Richland Centre a little book containing much interesting information about suffrage and liquor legislation in the State of Wisconsin last year.

Dr. A. J. Ochsner, the busy medical practitioner in Chicago, took time and trouble to visit his old home in Baraboo and to speak to his old neighbors and friends out of his large experience on the subject of "Efficiency." The heartiness of his reception indicated the place held by him in the hearts of his old fellow citizens. His paper will soon be printed in full in UNITY.

Fresh from a vacation at Tower Hill, Mrs. Susan Quackenbush was called on to give a word of description and succeeded in drawing a charming picture of a very charming place—charming not only in its physical, but in its social and ethical atmosphere.

The Sunday services, morning, afternoon and evening, with basket luncheon thrown in, were full of good things; sermons, music, social chats, auto rides and perfect weather. Mr. Jones preached in the morning on the "Underlying Unity in Religion, and the Overlapping Territory Among the Sects."

Rev. George E. Hunt of Madison took up the same line of thought in his sermon on "Christian Unity," delivered at the afternoon session.

Then, to crown all, in the evening Miss Zona Gale read one of her own unpublished sermon-stories called "The Time Has Come," which fitted in so magically with the trend of the day's inspiration that one was inclined to wonder whether it was a special case of intentional working together or simply another instance of great minds running in the same channel. Then we sang "America" and Mr. Jones knit up all the threads of the seven sessions into one working pattern in the words of the benediction. (See first page of this paper.) A. L. K.

Tower Hill, Wisconsin, September 3, 1914.

LA VIA

Standing one side I see the human press
Pass and repass. See from another plane
My myriad self living and struggling on
In many forms, and feel the doubt and fear
In lifted faces turned toward the stars
Asking the secrets of the universe
World-old and hungered in the midst of it.
Mayhap I look into the very eyes
And recognize without a breath's delay
Tho' stranger and unknown he seem, one whom
Time could not bring me nearer tho' the days
Piled for a thousand years about our door;
And silently our souls exchange their wares
And we go on in blissful ignorance
And wonder at the strength we have received
And never guess wherein the virtue lay.

Would someone publish us the mystic way
We benefit in surging thoroughfares
Where forms and faces we have never known
Solace our life and send us more content
Into a future whence no chance may bring
A like environment of body or of soul
Ever again? Yet who has not received
The compensating energy of will
From some glad face or voice and felt the throb
Surge in unhindered waves where human forms
Beat out the moving symphony of life
Upon a city street?
What influence indeed can last so long
As that chaste unsought good of many lives
Whose nameless benediction covers men
In mart and mine as well as holy days?
What cowl can over-match the covering
Of him who honest, toils for honest bread
And what glad sun shone gladlier on a day
Because of priest or prelate?
Nature bears
No malice in her heart for anything.
Strange disrespect is evidenced, as when
Kings have to die and beggars still may live;
Or happy children smiling in their sleep
Lie clothed in little shrouds, while age and pain
Totters along with wishing how to cease
From being. And the nameless recompense
Which conscience cannot give or take away
Once the swift years have piled it on the heart
Forever. HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

War in Europe

Nietzsche—the philosopher of force—and the militarists have had their way. Today not only God, but agonized peoples must hold them in derision. The lands of Gladstone and Darwin, of Pasteur and Hugo, of Wagner and Kant, of Tolstoi and Jean de Bloch are forcing millions of conscripts like dumb, driven cattle to march to the shambles; Asia looks on aghast and has small use for "Christianity." The monstrous masses of reeking tube and iron shard, adjudged by "all the experts" as the "only insurance against war," have chiefly been the cause for this disruption of civilization. Out of this horror a few points are emerging clearly.

Of the eight nations which own most of the armaments of the world, six are now at war, and Italy may yet be drawn into the fiery furnace that promises to destroy the best that humanity has achieved. In time of peace the Krupps, through their subsidized newspapers, the Lord Robertses, and their type in our country have preached that to preserve peace huge armaments alone avail and that in time of peace one must prepare for war. What is more natural than that such preachers have got what they prepared for? The cynics who imagine that The Hague Court is a farce are like the patient who in his agony rails at the physician's remedy, which he has refused to take. Never was there a better demonstration of the folly of the militarist argument than this war which is nothing but a War of Fear. Each new dreadnought has meant menace and not protection.

Norman Angell was once asked by a would-be heckler, "Would you advise a nation to be stronger or weaker than its adversary?" and he replied, "The last time I was asked that question was in Berlin by Germans. How would you have advised me to answer them?" The apparent concensus of wisdom of all politicians has been that each nation must be stronger than any other!

Another conclusion is becoming clear: Not only must we disregard unverified reports, as is evidenced by the report of 25,000 Germans slain around Liège, which proves to have been nearer 5,000, and the "good news" of nineteen German battleships disabled in the North Sea, but we must reserve judgment in condemnation of Germany for having wantonly provoked war with Great Britain. The careful study of the whole correspondence between Sir Edward Grey and Berlin reveals a stage three days before war was declared when the German ambassador all but guaranteed Belgian neutrality and the integrity of France and her colonies if Great Britain would remain neutral. He pressed Sir Edward Grey to state under what terms Great Britain would remain neutral, and was told that Great Britain could make no statement and must have a free hand. Not one man in ten thousand in England as yet knows this. This amazing reply was not included in any summaries that were printed, so far as I can learn, and the full report in 77 folio pages has been studied by few. One may well ask whether the history of Europe might not have been changed and Great Britain, her dominions and colonies and Japan saved from war, had a cordial, earnest response been given the German ambassador by Sir Edward Grey on that fateful August first.

The menace of the Cossack to western civilization

is something that America has not realized; today the horror of the situation is that the land of Beethoven, Goethe and Schiller, of Helmholtz and Roentgen—the most industrious and scientific nation in the world has not at its back its sister nation of Teutonic stock with whom for a thousand years it has had no clash of arms. But for a certain vicious element here that has deliberately kept up suspicion of Germany and thus doubled the rancorous militancy of the arrogant Junker class advising the Kaiser, that monarch, who sincerely desired friends in his rear, would not now be forced to fight three enemies at once.

Another point: This war of fear, paralyzing sane judgment, is a war of diplomats and militarists, not a people's war. The good German pastor at Constance who told the kneeling throng of devout Christians on the Sunday we were there that they must love their enemies, spoke for a greater part of Germany that loathes this war and sincerely believes that it has been attacked wantonly by three hostile governments. Frenchmen are now going soberly to war. The soldiers, trained in the public secular schools, have none of the thoughtless confidence displayed in 1870 by the ignorant mass which cried "On to Berlin!"

There is superb sanity and wisdom in some of the London papers. The political wisdom and Christian spirit manifested in the last issue of the *Nation,* the remarkable address read on Sunday to the 2,000 schools for 100,000 adult men throughout the kingdom, the manifestoes of the Friends and the Peace Societies issued in the press—all show in this lull before the real storm breaks an attempt to reach a judicial attitude—to distinguish absolutely between governments and people and to prepare for a new social order. This new order must bring a European Concert as against the system of Triple Alliance and Triple Entente which is dislocating civilization. *In time of war prepare for peace* is now their motto. Urgent pleas are made to avoid hysteria over losses or "Mafeking" over victories and to treat courteously the unhappy alien within their borders.

One hampering feature of the whole situation which gives great opportunity for false opinions to crystallize is censorship of the press. The censor for Great Britain is a Tory of the Tories, one who, so far as I can learn from one of the calmest and best informed publicists of England, is a man who never hesitates to let the worst appear the better part. He will largely help shape American thought, as most of your information must come from English sources. Therefore reserve judgment.

Our friend G. H. Perris, author of the trenchant "War Traders," with whom we just conferred at the Peace Conference suddenly called in Brussels, writes from Paris to the *Daily Chronicle*: "Seven days have passed without a word of the slightest importance being allowed to leak out from the eastern frontier—a tremendous feat and a cruel penalty."

In 1901, in a long private conversation that we had with the Imperial Russian Chancellor, Jean de Bloch, whose then recent "Future of War" was an epoch-making book, I asked him whether in a war, for instance between France and Germany, his thesis would hold good that the attacking party could be held off by a defensive party of one-tenth its numbers; whether the fact that such was the case in the Boer war might not have been due to African topography and conditions. He replied that the same would hold true in France and gave his reasons. Thus far his contention would seem to have justification and it is a matter for careful observation in the sad days to come. Never shall I forget the last words of shrewd counsel that this expert on war gave us. "When you talk upon war, never waste your time in telling people how wicked they are. Just tell them what fools they are!"

London, August 12, 1914.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A YEARS WORK

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old New and Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

XXV.
Judith

Lesson Given by Mrs. Allen Laird, Leader

TEXT: *"O Lord, thou art great and glorious,*
Let all thy creation serve thee.

Chap. xvi:13.

The scene of the story of Judith, "a lady of Judea," is laid in the town of "Bethulia," situated in a mountain pass, the gateway to Judea. The enemy from Assyria, under the command of Holofernes, who has been sent on a tour of conquest by Nebuchadnezzar, is besieging the city. The story goes that Holofernes has never heard of these people, the Jews, and as he approaches their country he is told by Achior, a leader of the Ammonites who are already subjugated, of the wonder and greatness of the God of the Israelites. And that if they were in the right it would be impossible to defeat them under such a God. Holofernes decides to resort to treachery rather than to assault. He takes possession of the wells without the walls, cutting off the city's water supply. The people suffer intensely; their faith in God weakens, and the women beseech the patriarchs of the town to surrender. The patriarchs finally promise that if their prayers are not heard within five days they will surrender. At this point Judith, a much beloved, respected and wealthy widow of the city, conceives a plan by which she can save the city. She gains permission from the "ancients" of the city to leave the city without question, promising that she will do a glorious thing for her people. She asks them to pray for her during her absence and repairs to her home. She puts on sackcloth and ashes and in a tent on the roof of her house she prays to Jehovah to help her, to become a party to her deceit. In her prayer she says:

Bring to pass, O Lord, that his pride may be cut off with his own sword; give into my hand, which am a widow, the power that I have conceived. Let him be caught in the net of his own eyes in my regard, and do Thou strike him by the graces of the words of my lips. Smite by the deceit of my lips the servant with the prince, and the prince with the servant; give me constancy in my mind, that I may despise

him, and fortitude that I may overthrow him. For this will be a glorious monument for Thy name, when he shall fall, and Thou shalt break down their stateliness by the hand of a woman.. . . . ."

After putting off her widow's robes and putting on "garments of gladness," she and her maid servant proceed to the camp of Holofernes. On account of her great beauty and richness of attire she easily gains access to the General, telling him that she has a message from the besieged city. Holofernes receives her in a dignified and beautiful way and grants her the privileges of the camp for three days. She tells him that her people are about ready to surrender and for that reason she has resolved to save herself. She assures him that he needs but wait a short time and the city is his. He is charmed with her beauty and orders that she sit beside him at a feast. Wine flows too freely. He becomes intoxicated and later she is alone with him in his tent. The moment for her purpose has come and she asks God to strengthen her arm, and with Holofernes' own sword strikes off his head. She goes back to the city unsuspected, carrying the General's head in her basket. There is great rejoicing within the city and they plan an attack. Naturally consternation overcomes the Assyrians and on the approach of the enemy they flee. The story goes that Judith lived to be 105 years old and was loved and respected; that she freed her maid servant who had been her companion, and that a holy day, a feast day, was set apart forever in celebration of this victory. The book closes with Judith's Psalm of Thanksgiving, which has considerable literary merit.

The Jewish Encyclopedia calls this novelette "the best example extant of Jewish story telling." It was probably written about 120 B. C. after the Maccabean strain. We are not sure of the original language. The Greek manuscript now extant is said to be the basis of an older Latin and later Syriac version. But in the Western Church it was superceded by Jerome's free translation of a Chaldee copy. It is still read in Jewish temples and in the Church of England, and at the Nicene Council the Catholics accepted it as inspired literature.

The Encyclopedia Britannica and Biblica, the Jewish Encyclopedia and the Journals of Sacred Literature written in 1856, all give lengthy articles showing the impossibility of this book being in any degree historical. One writer treats it as allegorical, claiming it was written when Antiochus invaded Judea to confirm the Jews in the hope of divine deliverance. "Judith" is the Jewish nation. Bethulia is the house of God. The sword proceeding from it is the power of prayer. Nebuchadnezzar signifies "Satan," Assyria means pride, and the tyranny and hatred which the Jews had suffered at their hands. The instrument of Satan is Antiochus, disguised under the name of Holofernes, who stands for Greek ascendancy. Bethulia is thought to be the town of Shechem in Samaria, as that is the only town which would fit the description.

There is no question as to the literary merit of the story. It has a wealth of detail and even in its ancient form is fascinating. No better evidence of the success of the work as a story can be given than the fact that it has been dramatized and made use of by the moving picture film manufacturer.

In teaching this lesson we must give to the children the plain truth that Judith was guilty of a very great crime and of doing evil that good might come. Perhaps the book of Judith is partly responsible for that theory. Mary Antin in her "Promised Land" tells how the Jewish people, persecuted and oppressed, while faithful, loyal and honest in their dealings with their own people, considered it no sin to cheat the Russians. We must have the children understand the story in the spirit of the day in which it was written, not a very distant period in the evolution of the race, and from which we have not advanced very far.

A deep and serious lesson against militarism is here. Herbert Spencer has said in effect that "While we are in a state of war, while standing armies are the last resort of nations, we can have but provisional ethics, and if war is justified, Judith is justified." To Judith is ascribed extreme loftiness of spirit and beauty of character, but we cannot be blind to her deceit.

In this lesson we are again reminded of the conceit of nations, the conceit of religion. The Israelites seemed to think that whatever they did was all right so long as it was for their own good,—the "chosen people" of God.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Tell the story of Judith.
(2) Compare the story with that of Esther.
(3) How does encyclopedia characterize this story?
(4) When was the book written?

THE HIGHWAY.

"Whatever road I take joins the highway that leads to thee."

When the night is still and far,
Watcher from the shadowed deeps!
When the morning breaks its bar,
Life that shines and wakes and leaps!
When old Bible-verses glow,
Starring all the deep of thought,
Till it fills the quiet dawn
From the peace our years have brought,—
Sun within both skies, we see
How all lights lead back to thee!

Cross the field of daily work
Run the footpaths, leading—where?
Run they east or run they west,
One way all the workers fare.
Every awful thing of earth,—
Sin and pain and battle-noise;
Every dear thing,—baby's birth,
Faces, flowers, or lovers' joys,—
Is a wicket-gate, where we
Join the great highway to thee!

Restless, restless, speed we on,
Whither in the vast unknown?
Not to you and not to me
Are the sealed orders shown;
But the Hand that built the road,
And the Light that leads the feet,
And this inward restlessness,
Are such invitation sweet,
That where I no longer see,
Highway still must lead to thee!

—*W. C. Gannett.*

THE FLOWER MAN.

The Flower Man goes bawling by
Through streets all hot and sunny;
"Here's flower plants!" you hear him cry;
The crowded pots are sad and dry,
He sells them all for money.

God is the Flower Man at home.
He makes them, oh, so many!
And leaves them freshly in the grass,
Wherever little children pass,—
We need not pay a penny!

—*Abbie Farwell Brown, in "Fresh Posies."*

My Library No. XIV.

There is a group of biographies of women that should be placed early on the shelves of every library, both because of its intrinsic interest, and of the close relationship of its subjects to the times in which they lived. Thus no one can read the "Letters of Lydia Maria Child," with their exceedingly sympathetic introduction by John Greenleaf Whittier, in which he calls her "the blessed subject of this sketch," and concludes by quoting from the Bible: "Many daughters have done virtuously but thou exceedest them all," without becoming rather generously imbued with the high ethical purpose which dominated all of Mrs. Child's thinking and acting. One feels very sure also, even after the *North American Review* had said of her, "Few female writers, if any, have done more or better things for our literature in the graver or lighter departments," that it needed but just one such supreme act of renunciation as Mrs. Child finally dared perform, when she published her "Appeal in behalf of that class of Americans called Africans," and thereby subjected herself to all the "unpopularity" and "ridicule" and "censure" which in its preface she had predicted, not to mention the pecuniary losses which she just as cheerfully had to meet—one feels very sure that it was this only that was required to commend her to the loving appreciation of every American mind, and secure for her an immortality as noble as it would be suggestive. "Should I be the means," she wrote, "of advancing even a single hour, the inevitable progress of truth and justice, I would not exchange the consciousness for all Rothchild's wealth or Sir Walter Scott's fame;" and all her subsequent life contributed to show how genuine she was in this declaration. That she did much to advance the progress of truth and justice as she conceived it, may be believed, from the fact that men like Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, Salmon P. Chase and Governor Andrews were glad to avail themselves of "her foresight and sound judgment of men and women." Indeed, the reading of her letters brings one into communion with not only one of the sweetest, but the most forceful spirits of the old anti-slavery times—times in which force was little apt to recognize the value of sweetness in any sort of helpful sense.

Mrs. Child felt and worked for the masses of down-trodden strangers of whom she had actually known but very little. For her younger sister in letters, Louisa May Alcott, the problem was more clearly that of how to undertake work that would result in ability to care for her best-of-all-well-known people, the beloved members of her own household, in which undertaking there was certainly no less supreme sacrifice of self. How to remove the poverty which her dreaming father could not relieve; how to be a help to the mother who so cheerfully endured all and braved all; how to provide for the growing needs of her beloved sisters—all this came to her as a pressing question very early in life, and was never neglected until fully answered. So here was another woman, whose soul, although so luxuriantly expressed in her many books, should be allowed even freer and fuller admission still to every young mind of the day, through the reading not only of her stories, but especially of her "Life, Letters and Journals." As the editor, Mrs. E. D. Cheney, says: "She had known the way to the hearts of young people" simply because "by inheritance and education she had rich and prolific gifts," and was, moreover, "of the most true and frank nature." Indeed, this biography is so bright, chatty, sensible and wise, the wonder is that at least one copy is not to be found worn to shreds in every household. Compared with the flimsy stuff that everybody now finds in their paths so frequently, it is as pure gold to muddy clay, or as the fragrance of a rose to the offensive exhalations of putrescence.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" had early in my childhood made the name of Harriet Beecher Stowe almost as familiar as my own; but of certain other phases of her work, as well as much of the history of her real life, I knew little, until Mrs. Annie Field's editing of her "Letters" revealed the writer so admirably, that one could not help both feeling and seeing the generous, active, devoted personality behind her early expression of it in her popular book. When Mrs. Field herself comprehended this, she was constrained to write, "I am overborne by the sense of a soul instinct from its early consciousness with a power working in her beyond her own thought or knowledge or will." Indeed some such explanation as this seems the most natural, in view of all that Mrs. Stowe was and did. "Her attitude," continues Mrs. Field, "seemed by nature to be that of contemplation," but like that of many another, her relationships to the world became immensely broadened by circumstances; for "her heart was like a burning coal laid upon the altar of humanity and when she stole up, as it were, in the night, and laid it down for the slave with tears and supplication, it awakened neither alarm nor wonder in her spirit that in the morning she saw a bright fire burning there and lighting the whole earth."

How Mrs. Stowe came to be so superbly educated, how she taught, married, bore children, wrote, cheered everybody, defended right against wrong everywhere, and advocated every worthy cause, is all recorded with deepest interest in this choice addition to My Library, and should become a part of the soul furnishing of every woman and man. Early in life she wrote to her brother that the "desire to be loved forms, I fear, the great motive for all my actions." Later, it was thoroughly evident that "desire to be loved" had become enlarged to "desire to love,"—even all the sons and daughters of the down-trodden and sore. Near to the last, we read that "she became 'like a little child,' wandering about, pleased with flowers, fresh air, the sound of a piano, or a voice singing hymns, but the busy, inspiring spirit was asleep,"—an appropriate fading away of one so endowed and so actively useful—an appropriate senescence of every worthy spirit. All of her books are full of this life, her life, and they are books which give forth their own grace and strength, as fully as ever she herself did.

So there are no books that I like more to call other people's attention to, than to these and similar biographies of women that have been so inspiring and helpful to myself. I like to know that others, especially young people, are feeling their influence too. To me they seem the feminine embodiment of aims and efforts, which as a man I have always been glad more or less to emulate and respond to. What interested their subjects so vitally, has also been my chief interest in work, although differing in detail, of course.

Even now I am cheered by the thought that such women have lived and done so much that is counted good by all.

Upon all this and more I am led to ponder, when I remember that on the lonesome Cheyenne mountain, in Colorado, where

> By easy slope to west as if it had
> No thought, when first its soaring was begun,
> Except to look devoutly to the sun,

there was for long marked the place of a grave, to which many pilgrims will wend their way so long as weary feet need rest and fainting hearts need support. It is the spot chosen beforehand by Helen Hunt Jackson for herself, on the "beloved mountain," where

> Thy Worshipper, as there the sun's, each morn
> My dawn, before the dawn, receive from thee;
> And think, as thy rose-tinted peaks I see
> That thou wert great when Homer was not born,
> And ere their change all human song shall die,—

the spot where undisturbed, save by the loving hand and devout cheek, the gifted Sympathizer hoped so fervently forever to lie in peace! But, alas, as she herself had said,

> All is drift
> Of time and chance, and none may stay or sift
> Or know the end of that which is begun;

and so might she have tremblingly feared even then the rapacious enterprise of modern "progress," which, within the first generation after was so cruelly to intrude upon her beloved place of worship and rest, even unto ruthlessly transferring her to another grave, where, let us earnestly pray, neither time nor eternity shall ever permit such unholy disturbance again!

Under the intials H. H., Mrs. Jackson used to send forth one by one her "Bits" of self-expression, both in prose and poetry, which by unique truthfulness and charm won their way directly to the souls of many a chosen one, and always left an aroma of dainty sweetness that never thereafter was doubtful or capable of vitiation. One reads the eastern story of a bit of black clay which for but a single hour lay in touch with a rose and forever after gave delightful evidence of this transitory experience by its enduring if borrowed fragrance! So it was with the ordinary human clay which came into touch with H. H. through reading her productions; immediately her subtle sweet distinction became to some extent at least one's very own; and forever after one was possessed of something that added a new quality to his presence.

Do the people of today still read Helen Hunt Jackson, I wonder, as they used to years ago? One seldom sees her work mentioned in "current literature," and, as for hearing her name, it is so infrequently that one could almost forget that there ever has been such a beautiful personality in the world. Yet certainly her "Bits of Travel" and her "Bits of Talk," and "Romona," and her "Century of Injustice" as well, are all thoroughly worth while; and if read, would serve just as goodly and beautiful a purpose now as ever. I am sure every sort of similitude of the old-time reader and lover should possess a copy of her "Verses" and her "Lyrics and Sonnets," at least, and not only as a matter of course, but as a choice companion for many an otherwise distracted hour.

Of these poems it should be said in a word, that they offer to so many phases of human need a distinctively charming sympathy, that one may read them at all times with entire confidence, and expect to be most fully rewarded for the doing. While one feels thoroughly that the author is a woman, that her voice is that of a woman, that her thoughts are all from a woman's heart, originally, and that her life in every sense was womanly, yet none the less to every extent to which either man or woman is ready and willing to appropriate and be helped and satisfied, to that extent does Helen Hunt come with strength and healing. It seems always, to me at least, as I read her verse that I am in her actual presence and listening to the revelation of her inmost soul. To others, too, has she sometimes none the less distinctly thus appeared, I am very sure. Indeed, what mother could help being similarly affected more or less, by reading her "Lifted Over," or "When the Baby Died," or even more so by her "Best"? What perplexed, sorely-tried wayfarer would not be comforted by "Not as I will," or "Our Angels"? What man would not learn something very frequently and profoundly needed from "Two Truths," or "Love's Fulfilling"? And then, for one who has inanely welcomed, and eventually yielded to, effete narrowness of soul and understanding, what light must thence emanate and to all eternity from the reading and re-reading many times, one trusts, that best of all summaries of the Christian's search, the very heart of the Christ life, "My Legacy"? Compared with much of what one hears in "services" of all sorts, here is something which, if it might be read regularly in all the churches from one Christmas to another, would certainly transform the world in spirit if not in practice, to an extent scracely predictable. Nor should we forget the loving, in-seeing delight with which Helen Hunt regarded all nature, as evinced particularly by her series of sonnets on the months. Nearly every one of these is a "gem of finest ray serene," which to look upon is like a vision of nature's own self.

Never in reading Mrs. Jackson's sonnets, nor any of her other poems, does one miss the brave, cheering note that, instead of being inanely pessimistic, is yet the life note of an otherwise dying world. Mrs. Jackson seemed always to have felt the presence of the All-Fatherly Spirit, and to have communed with Him as freely as unceasingly, and yet to have found Him as freely as consciously revealed, whenever she essayed to express herself. Better than that of departed spirits, even if their ministry is as real as claimed, is such a world-permeating presence, all-enfolding and life-imparting, until the end. Surely Helen Hunt Jackson walked with God, and still Is!

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER

No artist he, you say, at whose command
No color springs, who dreams in monotone,
Who holds a tarnished mirror in his hand
And Nature's beauty limns in line alone.

A blackened box his palette is, his mahl
A shaft of sunbeams stolen as they pass,
His canvas but a shadow on a wall,
His only brush a little piece of glass.

But O! he decks a wondrous architrave
With mystic shapes half-seen that fleet away—
A baby's smile, the light in Peter's nave,
The last long glances of departing day.

Photo-Era. —*George S. Seymour.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE POPE OF THE POOR

Pope Pius X., whose death, caused, it is said, by grief over the European war, occurred at the Vatican in Rome on August 19, began his life as the child of Italian peasants. From a barefoot tatterdemalion he rose within his span of seventy-nine years to a position that is considered by millions of people to be the most exalted in the world. Talent, displayed at an early age, was responsible for his great advance, together with his deep piety, his broad human sympathy and his tireless energy. He was the "Pope of the Poor" always. The Brooklyn *Daily Times* narrates the events of his romantic and remarkable career:

His grandfather was a soldier in the papal army under Gregory XVI. His father worked in the fields as communal carrier, struggling to maintain with his meager income the large family of two sons and six daughters. A small cottage was the birthplace of the Pope. He attended the parish school at Riese. His aptitude induced the family to send him to school at Castelfranco, seven miles from home. To meet the expense, his father labored even more hours daily than had been his lot. He was a faithful student, and by winning laurels justified the wisdom of the family in making sacrifices to further his education. Precious documents still preserved by his sisters are the certificates setting forth his eminence in the entire range of studies. They were especially proud of his proficiency in Latin. Joseph won a scholarship which enabled him to enter the seminary of Treviso and afterward that of Padua. He distinguished himself in the study of theology. In 1858, when 23 years of age, he was ordained a priest.

From the first his greatest concern was for the poor among his parishioners. He barely allowed himself necessary food, and even sold his horse that the proceeds might be used to relieve the conditions of the unfortunate. On one occasion he gave away his own dinner. A poor man came to say that his wife was ill, the doctor had said she must have broth, and he had not the means to provide it. Meat was boiling in a pot for Father Sarto's dinner, and, without hesitation, he gave it to the man. Reproved by his sister, he answered that the man's need was great and there was nothing to do but give him the food. Then he smiled benignly and assured her that the Lord would provide for them.

Until he was 31 he was employed as a country curate. In 1867 he was appointed parish priest of Salzano. There he worked faithfully for eight years and won the attention of those higher in authority by the tact and devotion with which he discharged his parish duties. He was made a canon of the cathedral, chancellor of the diocese and the spiritual director of the college. Thereafter he became dean of the chapter, served in an interregnum as vicar-general and was appointed suffragan.

In 1882 he passed to the diocese of Mantua, where for two years he was rector of the seminary. He attracted the attention of Leo XIII., who in 1884 created him bishop of that city. The diocese was at that time in a condition of ferment. There had been continued clashing between the episcopal and government authority, and there was in the field a strong political force opposed to the church. The tact, patience and the kindly manner of the bishop harmonized these conflicting interests. The diocese of Mantua, which had been noted for its turbulence, became a model, and other bishops were exhorted to bring theirs to as high a standard.

In June, 1893, he was made a cardinal and Patriarch of Venice. His work there in settling disturbed conditions and in reconciling church and state was the replica of his efforts exerted in every station in which he was placed. Here, too, he found himself at the mercy of the poor, whose prayers he could not hear unmoved. It is related that he even pledged his magnificent episcopal ring and other valuable possessions, always with the excuse that he needed nothing, while the poor had need of more than he could give them. But withal he was by no means uncapable, in spite of his too-kind heart, and he is still spoken of as the best administrator Venice has had in 200 years. Of his election to the high office held at the time of his death, we are told:

When the Patriarch left Venice to attend the conclave called to elect the head of the church the people haled him as the next Pope. He remonstrated with them, saying that such an event was beyond the range of possibilities. In the conclave he was urged for the high office, but he put aside those who proffered their support and begged them that they find another candidate. When the ballots began to turn strongly his way he became his own most strenuous opponent. He took the floor to entreat the Sacred College to desist from the idea of electing him, and strove to show wherein he lacked the requisite necessary to equip him to occupy the papal throne. But his words had a contrary effect. In the dignity, the humility and the great breadth of learning disclosed in these discourses the Patriarch stood before his colleagues as the one man to be placed at the head of the church. He was chosen on the sixth ballot.

His natural modesty and dislike for all extravagance resulted in some radical reforms being instituted in the procedure in the Vatican. He was above all intensely democratic, with little patience with convention or precedent. Peasants were as welcome to the Vatican as princes, and received his blessing quite as readily. Further:

With quiet decision he did away with many forms of etiquette which had endured for centuries. Early he abolished the custom requiring visitors to genuflect three times in coming into the presence of the Pope, to kiss the cross upon his right slipper, and to remain kneeling while in his presence. He would have none of it. Instead he greeted his visitors without formality, chatted in good old fashion, and usually accompanied them to the door when they retired.

Many incidents resulted from this independence of custom, and to the Pope they brought quiet amusement. For instance, he abolished the century-old custom of requiring every one to vacate the gardens or galleries of the Vatican when the Pope walked therein. His first ride through the grounds was in an open carriage, which he insisted upon having, even though another precedent was shattered.

He abolished the custom of communicants kissing his ring when receiving communion from his hands, holding it to be a source of distraction for the communicant. Instead of being carried into St. Peter's or the Sistine Chapel on the sedia gestatoria, with the six palafreniere (white ostrich fans used to fan the Pope), he preferred to walk. He also did away with the prohibition against receiving any of the civil authorities of Rome or representatives of the Italian government, and his warm friendship for King Victor Emmanuel III., dating from the period when he was Patriarch of Venice, did much toward alleviating the strained relations between the church and state, and may be the means of paving the way to an ultimate reconciliation.

IS THE KAISER CRAZY?

M. Gabriel Honotaux, ex-Foreign Minister of France, discusses the present situation of the German Emperor and the part he plays in the war, in an article just published in Paris. He writes: "The proclamations he issues to his subjects are stamped with profound melancholy. In 1870 the old Emperor was himself at the head of his army. His successor remains in the background, although, for such a great amateur of warlike manœuvres, here was a splendid opportunity to go to the front and take the lead in the battlefield. M. Honotaux believes there is much truth in the reports current in French political circles which depict the Kaiser is virtually a prisoner, jealously guarded by the Crown Prince and his party. "The Empire," he writes, "is now in the hands of other rulers. One seeks in vain in his melancholy proclamations his wonted stern, vigorous language. It might indeed be thought he signs but does not write these proclamations in which, reading between the lines, one discerns a desire to persuade himself and others that he is not a free agent. The war party in Germany with the Kaiser's eldest son as leader are supplanting the powerful ruler of yesterday. It is their party which for years past and until the present moment has sought to irritate and humiliate France in the hope of goading her on to declare war against Germany. The Kaiser's influence is abolished. It is his son, heir to the throne, who launches Europe into this terrible conflict."

A Dispatch from London.

THE CRICKET

Little cricket in the grass,
I can hear you as I pass;
I, like you, when night grows deep,
Like to sing myself to sleep.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

Youth's Companion.

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